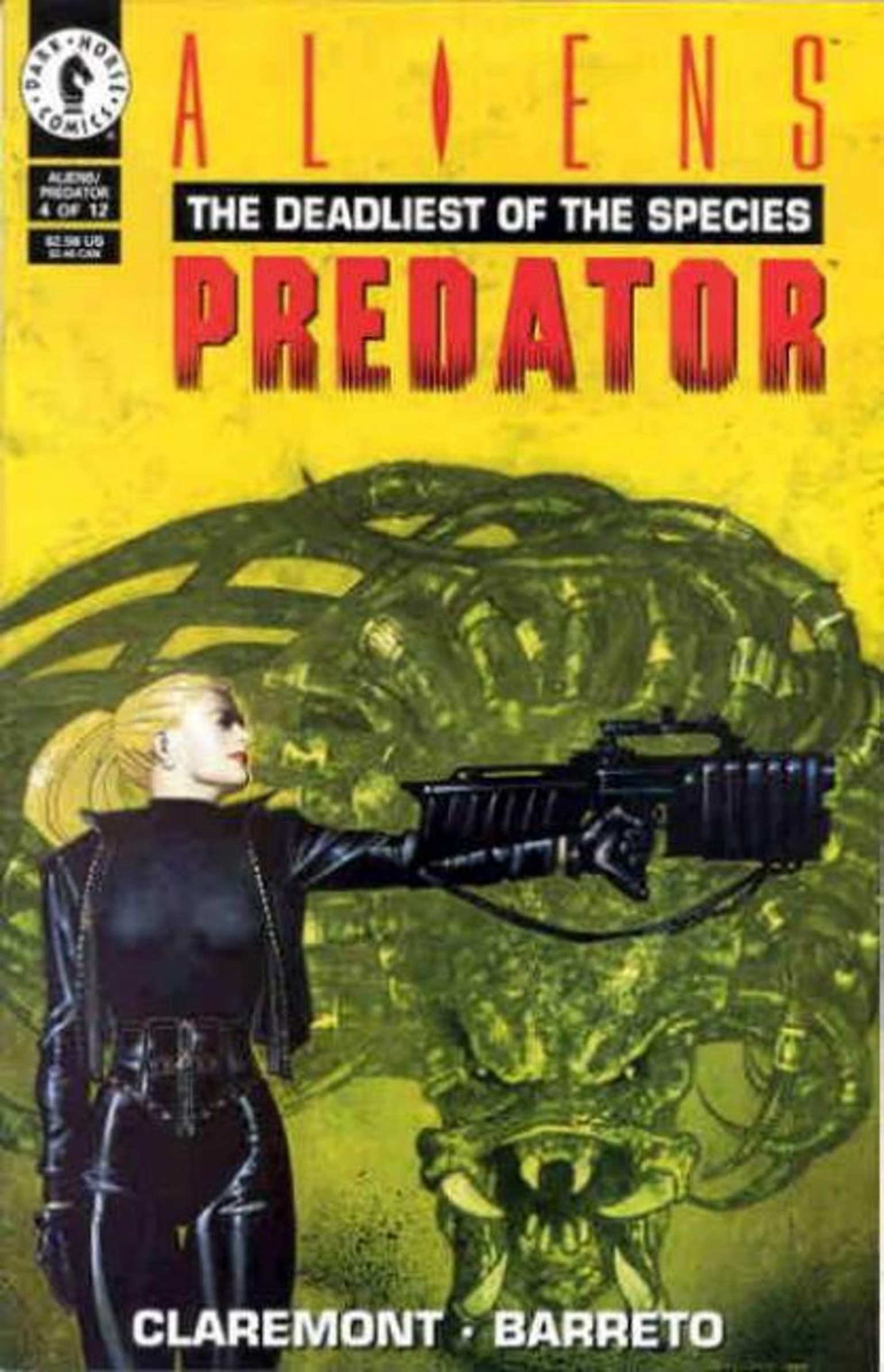
DARK HORSE COMICS
ALIENS/ PREDATOR 4 OF 12
$2.50 US $3.45 CAN
ALIENS
THE DEADLIEST OF THE SPECIES
PREDATOR
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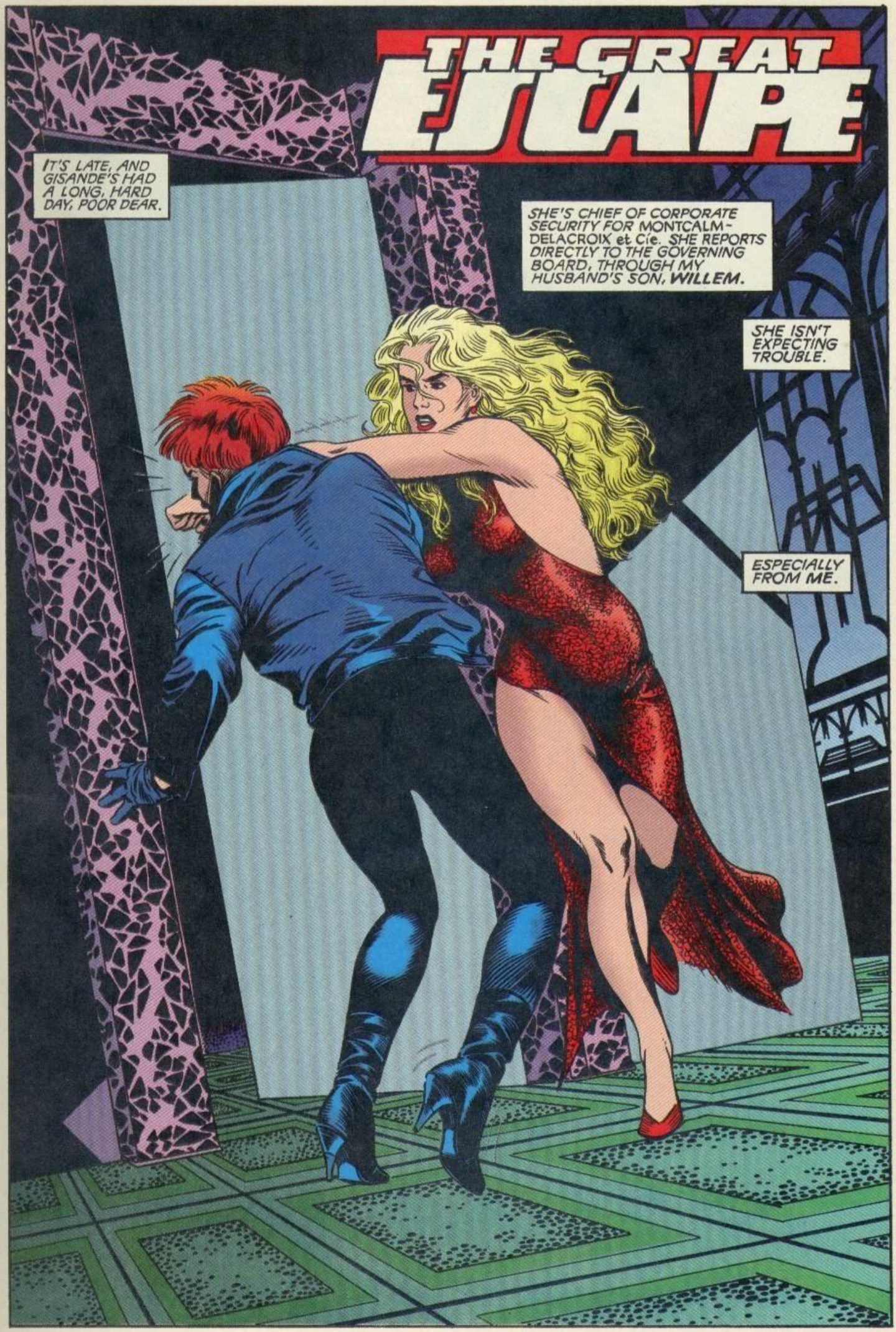

THE GREAT ESCAPE
IT'S LATE, AND GISANDE'S HAD A LONG, HARD DAY, POOR DEAR.
SHE'S CHIEF OF CORPORATE SECURITY FOR MONTCALM-DELACROIX et Cie. SHE REPORTS DIRECTLY TO THE GOVERNING BOARD, THROUGH MY HUSBAND'S SON, WILLEM.
SHE ISN'T EXPECTING TROUBLE.
ESPECIALLY FROM ME.

I WAITED UNTIL SHE UNLOCKED HER DOOR BEFORE MAKING MY MOVE.
VERY PROFESSIONAL. I SURPRISE MYSELF AS MUCH AS I DO HER.
CORPORATE TROPHIES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW HOW TO STAGE AN AMBUSH.
HOW DARE YOU?!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.
WILLEM WAS RIGHT, CARYN-- YOU HAVE GONE MAD!
IN THAT CASE, SINCE I HAVE YOUR GUN, PERHAPS YOU'D BEST HUMOR ME.

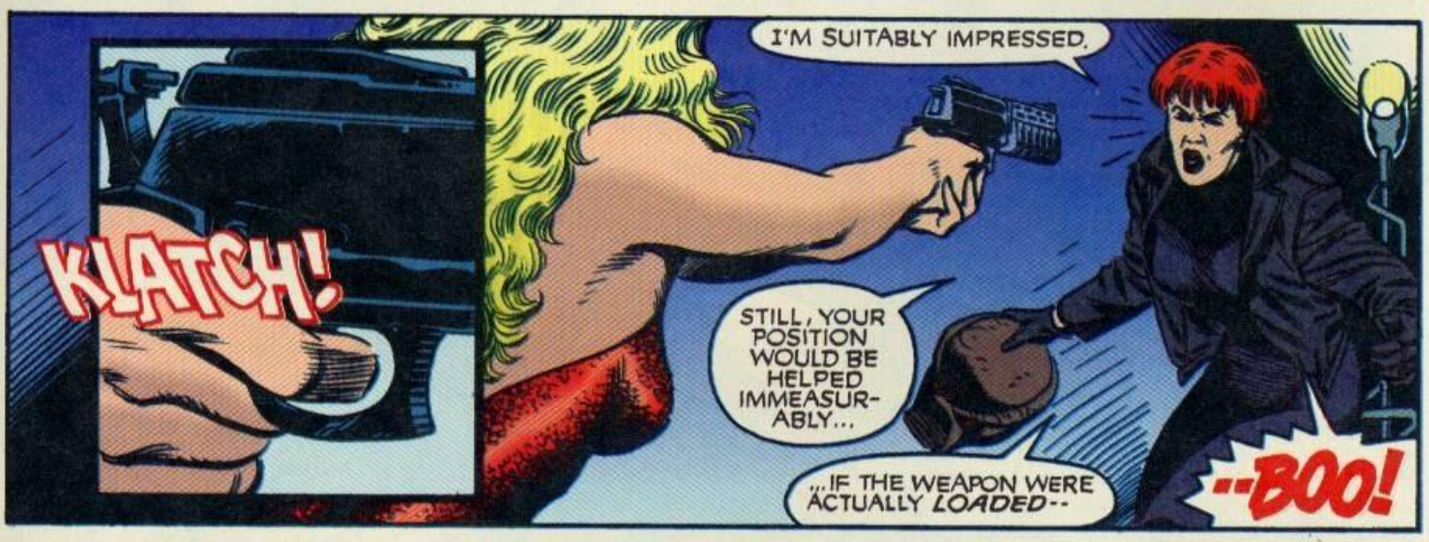
WHERE IS IT, GISANDE? THE CREATURE I FOUGHT IN THE JUNGLE--
--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?!
I THOUGHT YOU UNDER-STOOD--

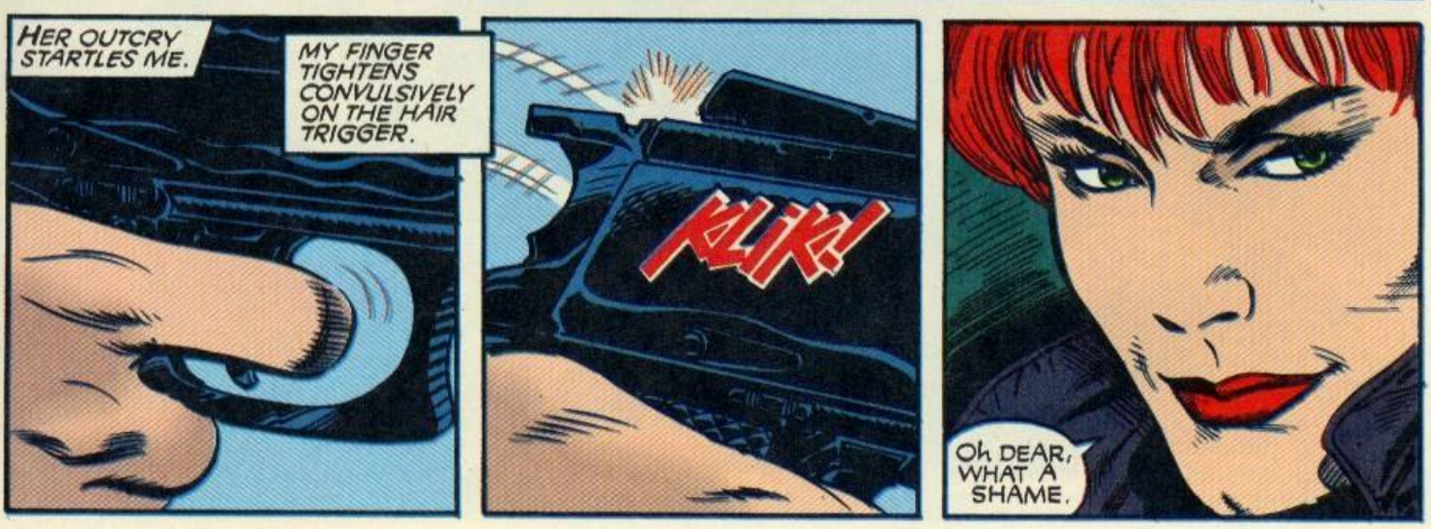
--INASMUCH AS YOUR KIND IS CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING-- THAT DUEL WAS A VIRTUAL REALITY SCENARIO.
IT NEVER HAPPENED, CARYN.
YOUR "CREATURE" DOESN'T EXIST.

THEN WHAT THE HELL IS THIS--
--A PROP?!

YOU KNOW, CARYN, THAT GUN'S MAKING ME AWFULLY NERVOUS.
THAT'S THE IDEA.
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?
WHAT MATTERS IS, I HAVE IT-- THAT AND MORE.
ANSWER MY QUESTION, GISANDE!
WHICH QUESTION WAS THAT, PRAY TELL?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SIT BACK DOWN ON THE FLOOR, THIS INSTANT!
I DON'T THINK SO. IT'S VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

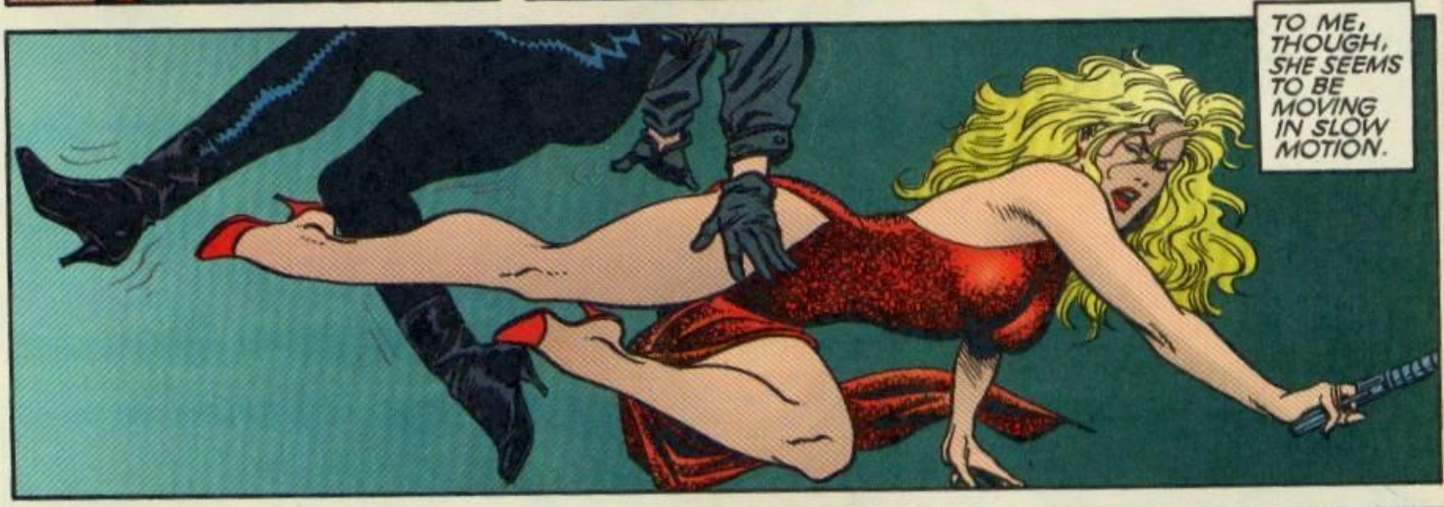
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.
AND I RESPECT YOU FOR THAT, TRULY.
BUT LOOK AT YOURSELF, CARYN, LOOK AT THIS SITUATION. HOLDING A GUN, MAKING SUCH THREATS, THIS ISN'T RIGHT, THIS ISN'T YOU.
WHERE'S THE PREDATOR, SALAZAR?! ANSWER, OR I'LL SHOOT!
HOW, MY DEAR? THE GUN ISN'T EVEN COCKED.


KLATCH!
I'M SUITABLY IMPRESSED.
STILL, YOUR POSITION WOULD BE HELPED IMMEASURABLY...
...IF THE WEAPON WERE ACTUALLY LOADED--
--BOO!


HER OUTCRY STARTLES ME.
MY FINGER TIGHTENS CONVULSIVELY ON THE HAIR TRIGGER.
KLIK!
Oh DEAR, WHAT A SHAME.

NOW IT'S MY TURN!

... BUT SHE'S STILL FAR STRONGER AND FASTER THAN ANY NORMAL HUMAN.
SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE FULL-SPECTRUM ENHANCEMENTS OF A BODY-GUARD OR A STRIKE TROOPER...

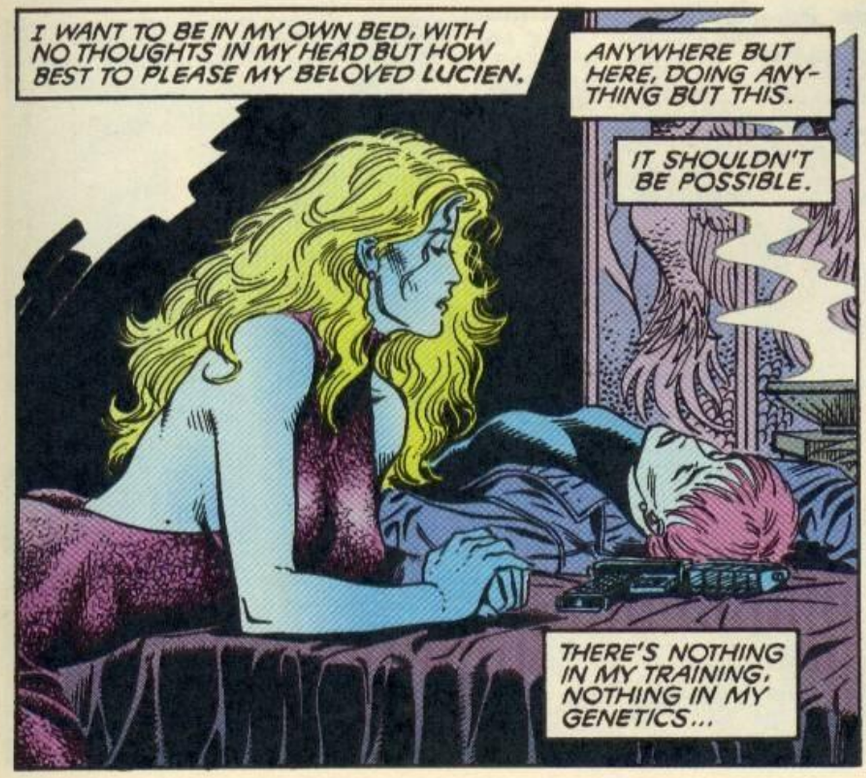

TO ME, THOUGH, SHE SEEMS TO BE MOVING IN SLOW MOTION.

AND FOR HER EVERY ATTACK...

...I HAVE A COUNTER.

I FINISH THE FIGHT WITH A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED ROUND-HOUSE PUNCH TO THE JAW...
KRAK!
...THAT ACTUALLY HURTS ME AS MUCH AS IT DOES HER.
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A FIGHT BEFORE, NOT LIKE THIS...
...NOT THAT I CAN REMEMBER.
I'M SHAKING AS SHE FALLS.

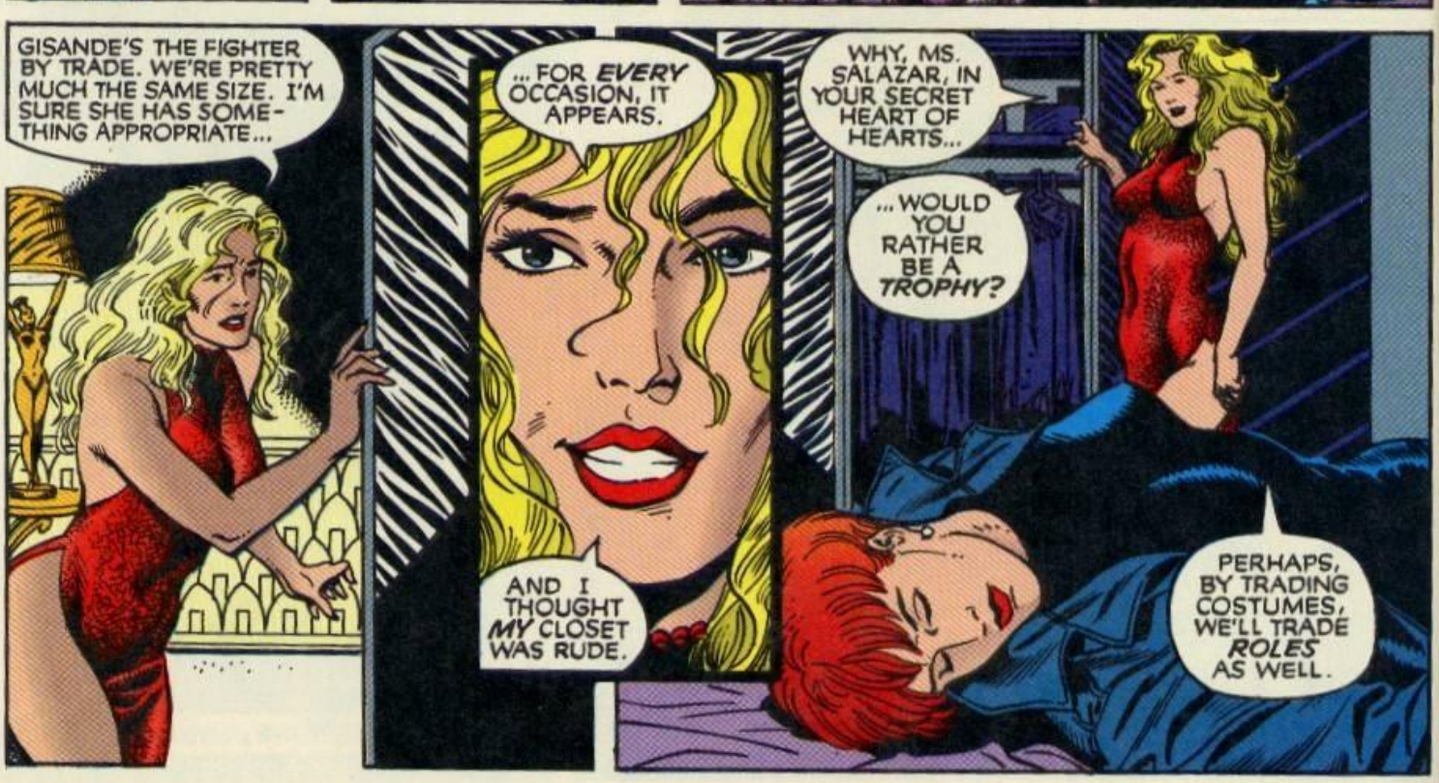
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE WON.
I HALF EXPECT HER TO LEAP UP AND GO FOR MY THROAT.
BUT SHE DOESN'T STIR.
MY GOD.
MIGOD MIGOD MIGOD MIGOD
I'M CRYING. I WANT TO BE SICK.


I WANT TO BE IN MY OWN BED, WITH NO THOUGHTS IN MY HEAD BUT HOW BEST TO PLEASE MY BELOVED LUCIEN.
ANYWHERE BUT HERE, DOING ANY-THING BUT THIS.
IT SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE.
THERE'S NOTHING IN MY TRAINING, NOTHING IN MY GENETICS...

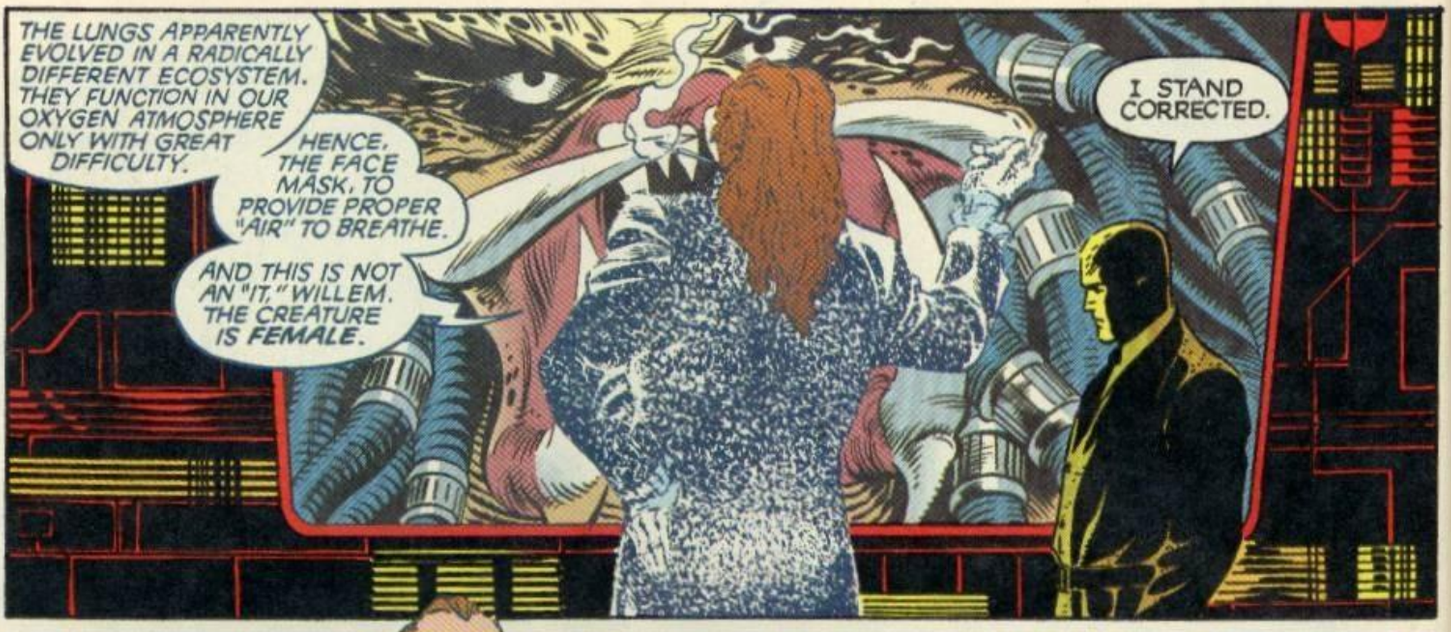
...BUT IT'S HAPPENING NONETHELESS.
JUST LIKE IN THE JUNGLE.

AND SOMEHOW, IT'S ALL BOUND UP WITH THE MONSTER FROM MY NIGHTMARES.
THE CREATURE THAT WORE THIS MASK.
SO TELL ME, UGLY-- WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU-- eh?!
SOMETHING'S BLINKING INSIDE...
GASP?!

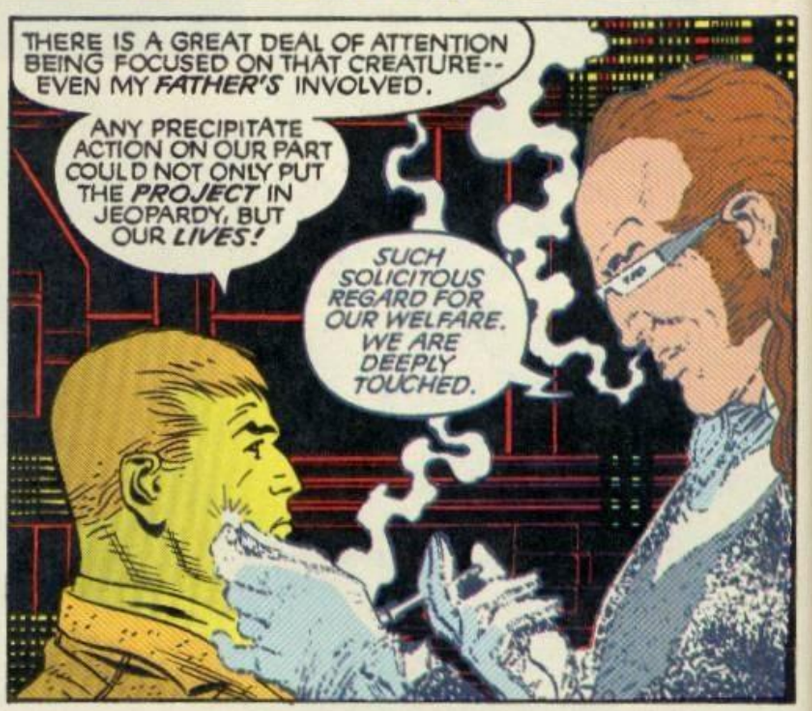
WELL!
AN INTERNAL HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY.
VOICE-ACTIVATED. VERY SOPHISTICATED.
THE ICON REPRESENTS THE PREDATOR, THE ARROW POINTS ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
BUT I CAN'T GO HUNTING DRESSED LIKE THIS.


GISANDE'S THE FIGHTER BY TRADE. WE'RE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME SIZE. I'M SURE SHE HAS SOMETHING APPROPRIATE...
... FOR EVERY OCCASION, IT APPEARS.
AND I THOUGHT MY CLOSET WAS RUDE.
WHY, MS. SALAZAR, IN YOUR SECRET HEART OF HEARTS...
... WOULD YOU RATHER BE A TROPHY?
PERHAPS, BY TRADING COSTUMES, WE'LL TRADE ROLES AS WELL.

ELSEWHERE, ABOARD THE SKYLINER...
EXCELLENT WORK, WILLEM-- PIGGYBACKING THIS VIDEO OFF THE MEDICAL SECURITY SCANNERS.
THAT MAKES THE INTERCEPT AS UNTRACEABLE AS THE TRANSMISSION OF OUR HOLOGRAPHIC VISAGE FROM OUR LABORATORY TO YOU.
TELL US, DEAR BOY, WHERE WAS THIS SPECIMEN ACQUIRED?
IN CENTRAL AMERICA, THE JUNGLE HIGHLANDS.
IT WAS HUNTING MY FATHER'S TROPHY WIFE.
THE INESTIMABLE CARYN, YES? AND SHE SURVIVED?
SHE DEFEATED IT, PROFESSOR.
FASCINATING. UTTERLY CONSISTENT WITH THE LITERATURE, BOTH IN TERMS OF ENVIRONMENT AND BEHAVIOR. YET EVIDENTLY NOWHERE NEAR AS FORMIDABLE.
TRUE, DEAR BOY, BUT WHY DID IT CHOOSE TO ABDUCT THE TROPHY?
DON'T YOU KNOW?
A GREAT DEAL -- OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, OF OUR HISTORY -- WAS LOST WHEN THE ALIENS OVERRAN THE PLANET.
WE MUST MAKE DO WITH WHAT REMAINS.
WHY IS IT BREATHING SO HARD? CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME THAT?


THE LUNGS APPARENTLY EVOLVED IN A RADICALLY DIFFERENT ECOSYSTEM. THEY FUNCTION IN OUR OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE ONLY WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY.
HENCE, THE FACE MASK, TO PROVIDE PROPER "AIR" TO BREATHE.
AND THIS IS NOT AN "IT," WILLEM. THE CREATURE IS FEMALE.
I STAND CORRECTED.

WE WANT HER.
WHEN CAN SHE BE TRANSPORTED TO OUR RESEARCH FACILITY?
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S WISE?


THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION BEING FOCUSED ON THAT CREATURE-- EVEN MY FATHER'S INVOLVED.
ANY PRECIPITATE ACTION ON OUR PART COULD NOT ONLY PUT THE PROJECT IN JEOPARDY, BUT OUR LIVES!
SUCH SOLICITOUS REGARD FOR OUR WELFARE. WE ARE DEEPLY TOUCHED.

BUT WE MUST HAVE HER, WILLEM.
ESPECIALLY IF SHE IS STILL FERTILE.
I DON'T KNOW, PROFESSOR-- THE RISK--!

IS TOO GREAT?
HOW COMMENDABLY CAUTIOUS, DEAR BOY. WE ARE SURE YOUR PRECIOUS GISANDE WOULD WHOLEHEARTEDLY APPROVE.
SHE'S MY SECURITY. IT'S HER FUNCTION.

BORN AND BRED FOR THE ROLE, JUST AS A TROPHY WIFE IS FOR HERS.
BUT, WILLEM, FROM THE GREATEST RISK COMES THE GREATEST REWARD.

YOU'VE HAZARDED SO MUCH ALREADY, AND COME SO FAR-- WHAT'S ONE STEP MORE?
THIS IS A HUGE CORPORATION, AND YOU ARE ONE OF ITS MOST POWERFUL EXECUTIVES, SECOND ONLY TO YOUR FATHER.

IF THE CREATURE'S LOST, WHO WILL MISS HER? IF SHE'S MISSED, WHO CAN FIND HER? IF SHE CAN'T BE FOUND...
...HOW LONG BEFORE SHE'S FORGOTTEN?

ARRANGEMENTS WILL BE MADE.
YOU'LL BE NOTIFIED WHEN WE'RE READY.

WE SHALL BE WAITING, DEAR BOY.
HOPEFULLY, NOT FOR VERY LONG.
NEVER FORGET, PROFESSOR-- YOU EXECUTE POLICY.
I MAKE IT!
OF COURSE, SEIGNEUR. THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING, SEIGNEUR. YOUR MOST HUMBLE AND ABJECT SERVANT EAGERLY AWAITS YOUR NEXT CALL, SEIGNEUR...
...AND YOUR NEXT COMMAND.

UNTIL THEN, DEAR BOY...
DAMN YOU, GISANDE!

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU WHEN I NEED YOU MOST?!

YO!
LET'S SEE SOME ACTION HERE, BRAWNS! NOT TO MENTION SOME LIGHTS!
I'VE GOT A "MOST URGENT" FROM ON HIGH! OMEGA PRIORITY TRANSSHIPMENT ORDER FOR THE UNCLASSIFIED PRISONER.
NO QUESTIONS ASKED, JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD--
YAIOW!
SOMEBODY THINK THIS IS FUNNY, LEAVING STUFF AROUND FOR A FELLA TO TRIP OVER?!
I LET YOU GUYS OFF EASY LAST TIME--
--WHAT THE--?!

IT'S A BODY!
ONE OF THE SECURITY CADRE!
TIED UP!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

NOTHING YOU NEED WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT, CHUM.
ACKGH!

SWEET DREAMS.

I WONDER WHAT'S SCARIER-- THAT I'M SO GOOD TO BEGIN WITH...
...OR THAT I'M GETTING BETTER AS I GO ALONG?
BipBap BipBap
Beep
STAND AWAY FROM THE TABLE, GENTLEMEN.
FACES TO THE WALL, PLEASE, AND HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.
DO AS SHE SAYS.
THAT'S A MARINE AUTOFIRE. TWO HUNDRED ROUNDS OF TEN-MILLIMETER AMMUNITION. SHE COULD CUT US IN HALF WITH A HICCUP.
I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF. THE TECHS DON'T KNOW ME, BUT THEY RESPECT THE WEAPON. THEY DO AS THEY'RE TOLD.

SO-- YOU ARE REAL. AND ALL THE REST, TOO, NO DOUBT.
THIS IS YOURS, I THINK.
QUESTION IS, WHO THE HELL ARE YOU...
...AND WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?!

WHAT... DO YOU WANT... WITH ME?
SUPERB MIMICRY-- BUT A BIT MORE ELOQUENCE WOULD BE USEFUL.
A BIT MORE... ELOQUENCE... WOULD BE USEFUL--
--ASH... PARNALL!

AT LAST, THE NAME TO CONJURE WITH.
BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS?

I OUGHT TO HAVE MY SKULL POPPED, DeMEDICI-- THE THINGS I LET YOU BROWBEAT ME INTO.
NICE TALK.
I GOT INSTINCTS, SHIROW-- IS THAT A CRIME?
YOU'RE JUST CRABBY 'CAUSE YOU CAN'T PICK THE LOCK.

YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER, DeMEDICI?
JEEZ LOU-EEZ! SHOULD'A KNOWN FROM THE START-- A GIRL WANTS A THING DONE RIGHT...
KICK!

...SHE'S SIMPLY GOTTA DO IT HERSELF!
I HATE IT WHEN YOU DO STUFF LIKE THIS.
ONLY 'CAUSE IT ALWAYS WORKS.

HEY, IS IT MY FAULT YOU NEVER STAY CURRENT WITH THE LITERATURE?
SCORE ONE FOR INSTINCTS.
SOMEONE WAS IN A FIGHT HERE.
WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY MS. SALAZAR HASN'T BEEN ANSWERING OUR CALLS.
LIVING ROOM'S CLEAR.

YOU SAID SHE JUST DIDN'T LIKE US.
SHE DOESN'T.
TOMMY-- NEXT DOOR!

IF IT'S HER, YOU THINK SHE'LL APPRECIATE OUR COMING TO HER RESCUE?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
WHAT D'YOU SEE?

Oh, TOMMY--
--oh, TOMMY--
--WE'RE DOOMED!

MS. SALAZAR--
-- HAVE WE COME AT A BAD TIME?
GUESS NOT.

THAT BLOODY, GEN-ENGINEERED BITCH!
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, I'LL HAVE HER HEART!
DON'TCHA JUST HATE IT WHEN THEY LOVE YA AN' LEAVE YA?

GO TO HELL, DeMEDICI.
SECURITY CENTRAL!

SEC-CEN ON-LINE...
...CHIEF?!
PUT OUT A SHIPWIDE ALL-POINTS ALERT FOR CARYN DELACROIX.
THE BOSS'S WIFE?
ARE YOU RECEIVING ME DOWN THERE?!

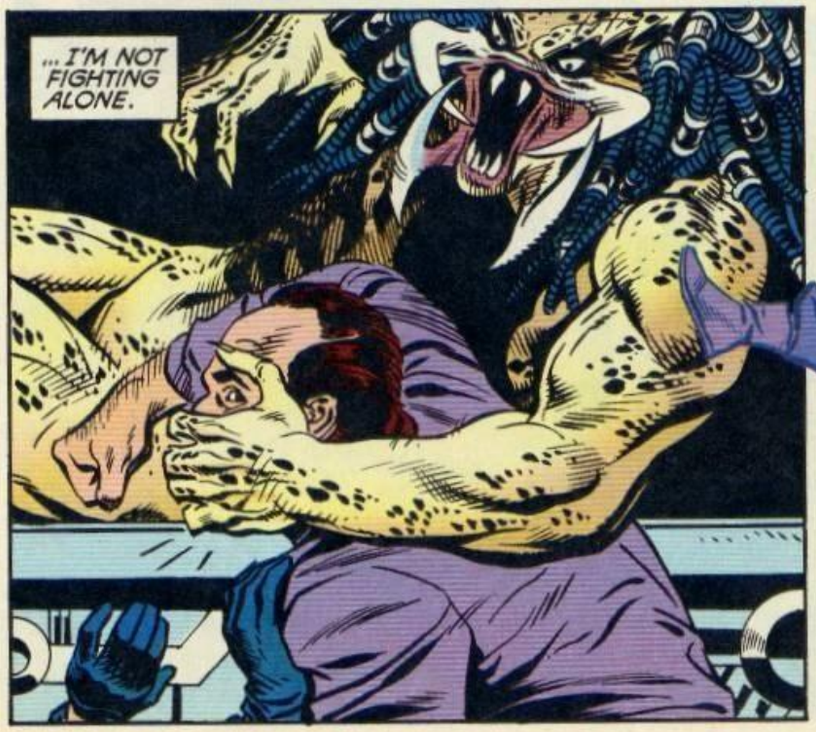
HAVE YOU ALL GONE DEAF AS WELL AS WITLESS?!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU STARING AT?!
NOTHING, MA'AM, NOTHING AT ALL.

AND SEND A FLASH TEAM TO THE LAB FACILITY, TO SECURE THE UNCLASSIFIED EXOTIC.
TELL THEM I'M ON MY WAY. SHIROW AND DeMEDICI, YOU'RE WITH ME.
MOVE, PEOPLE! LIKE YOU'VE GOT A BLOODY PURPOSE!

I'VE GOT HER!
SOMEBODY GRAB HER GUN!
NOTHING LIKE DISCOVERING THE HARD WAY...
... HOW MUCH I HAVE YET TO LEARN.
I NEVER EVEN KNEW THE MAN WAS THERE, AND HE HITS SO HARD I'M SURE MY BACK WILL BREAK.

BUT TO THE SURPRISE OF EVERYONE PRESENT...

... WE QUICKLY LEARN...


... I'M NOT FIGHTING ALONE.

THWAM

CLANGALANGALANGALANGA
FROM THE WAY THE MAN FALLS, I KNOW HIS BACK IS BROKEN.
I NEVER WANTED ANYONE TO DIE.
OR EVEN BE HURT.
RA CT
THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR.
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT.
GWAMM
ASH... PARNALL.
CARYN... DELACROIX.
WHO THE HELL... ARE YOU?!
I... I...
...DON'T KNOW!
ALWAYS THE SAME QUESTION.
ALWAYS, IT SEEMS, THE WRONG ANSWER.

CASUALTIES IN THE LAB.

SEARCH TEAMS FANNING OUT FROM THAT NEXUS-- THEY'RE REPORTING NEGATIVE CONTACT ON ANY LOCAL SCANS.

I'D FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER, CHIEF, IF *TOY* COULD PINPOINT THE CRITTER'S LOCATION. OR MRS. DELACROIX'S.

BITCH OF A TIME TO DISCOVER YOUR PET PRIME COMPUTER, IT'S GOT LIMITATIONS-- HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'?

I AND EVERY OTHER SOUL IN EARSHOT.

IT'S AN INCONVENIENCE, DeMEDICI, NOTHING MORE. WE'LL MANAGE WITHOUT.

ALL TEAMS, REPORT BY SECTION.

RICO AN' JULES, CHIEF, IN SHUTTLE BAY DELTA. WE GOT NADA ON OUR TRACK, BY SIGHT OR SCAN.

BE CAREFUL. THE *EXOTIC* IS ARMED AND TO BE CONSIDERED AN *ULTIMATE HAZARD*.

"ULTIMATE," MY KEISTER. ONLY *BUGS're* THAT NASTY, AN' WE NAILED OUR SHARE O' THEM JUS' FINE.

BUT SPEAKIN' O' "FINE"--YOU HEAR WHAT'S TALKIN' AT SECURITY CENTRAL, RICO?

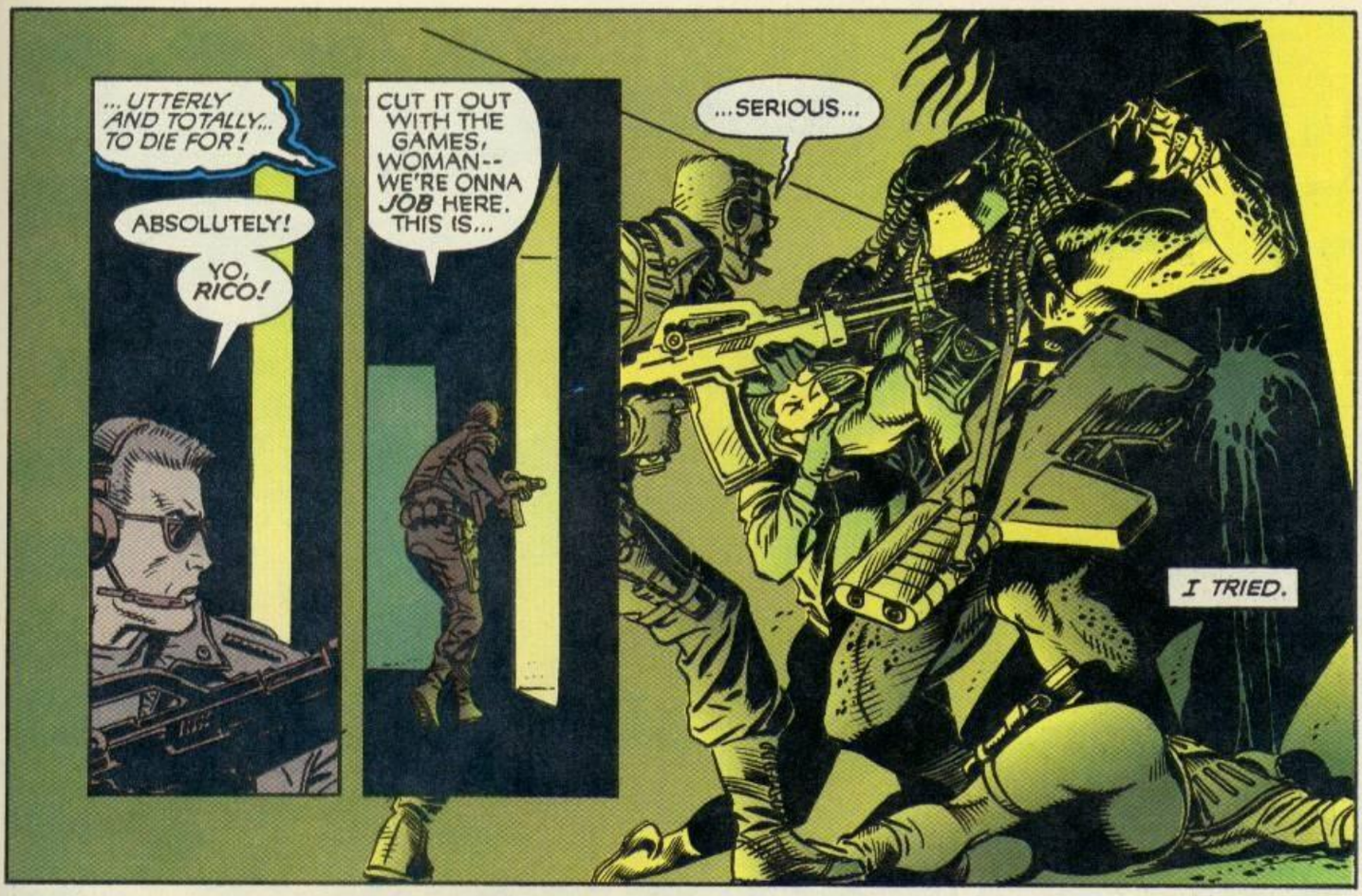
OUR BOSS BITCH, LOOKIN' SO RIGHT, SO RUDE, SO *WICKED*.

AN' BEST OF ALL, THOSE *REMF* LAMES GOT HER ON *TAPE!*

TRUST ME, PARTNER, I PUT IN AN ORDER FOR YOU, TOO.

I MEAN, WHO'D'A THOUGHT THE "ICE QUEEN" HAD IT IN HER--

--TO TURN OUT SO UTTERLY AN' TOTALLY TO *DIE* FOR!

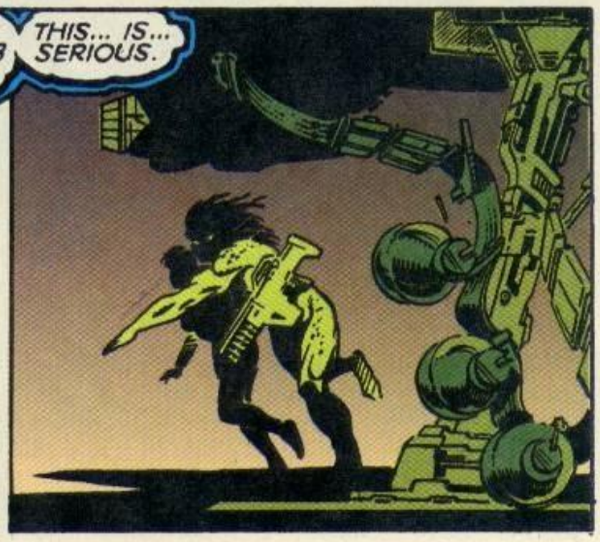

... UTTERLY AND TOTALLY... TO DIE FOR!
ABSOLUTELY!
YO, RICO!
CUT IT OUT WITH THE GAMES, WOMAN-- WE'RE ONNA JOB HERE. THIS IS...
...SERIOUS...
I TRIED.

TO STOP THIS, YELL A WARNING, DO SOMETHING!

BUT I'M LITTLE MORE THAN A DOLL IN ITS HANDS.
EVEN ARMED AND ARMORED TROOPERS AREN'T MUCH BETTER.

WHY, DAMN YOU-- WHY'D YOU HAVE TO KILL THEM?!

WE'RE... ONNA JOB HERE.
PTINK


THIS... IS... SERIOUS.

I'M GRABBED BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK AND HUSTLED ALONG SO FAST MY FEET BARELY TOUCH THE FLOOR.
BUT AS WE EMERGE FROM COVER...
THERE THEY ARE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, SALAZAR-- YOU'LL HIT THE WOMAN!
LIKE I CARE?
KCHOW!
I DIDN'T DO THAT!
THE GRENADES RUPTURE THE FUEL CELLS OF A PARKED SHUTTLE, FLOODING THE BAY WITH A SEA OF FIRE, ONE BLAST TRIGGERING ANOTHER, UNTIL...
THE WALL'S BUCKLING!
GISANDE-- THE CATWALK!
HANG ON, I'M COMING!
MARIA, ANCHOR ME SO I CAN REACH!
DROP THE RIFLE, WOMAN! TAKE MY HAND!
I'VE GOT A CLEAR SHOT!
BLAM

THE PREDATOR FALLS LIKE IT'S BEEN HIT BY A SLEDGE-HAMMER.
IT'S A PERFECT TARGET.

YARRRGH
BUT GISANDE NEVER HAS THE CHANCE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE.
BOOM

SHIROW, I'M BURNING! I'M BURNING

TOMMY--!
USE YOUR JACKET, MARIA! SMOTHER THE FLAMES!
CLEAR ME SOME ROOM, SO I CAN GET HER AWAY FROM THE EDGE.
THE FLAMES ARE STARTING TO COOK THE CATWALK!

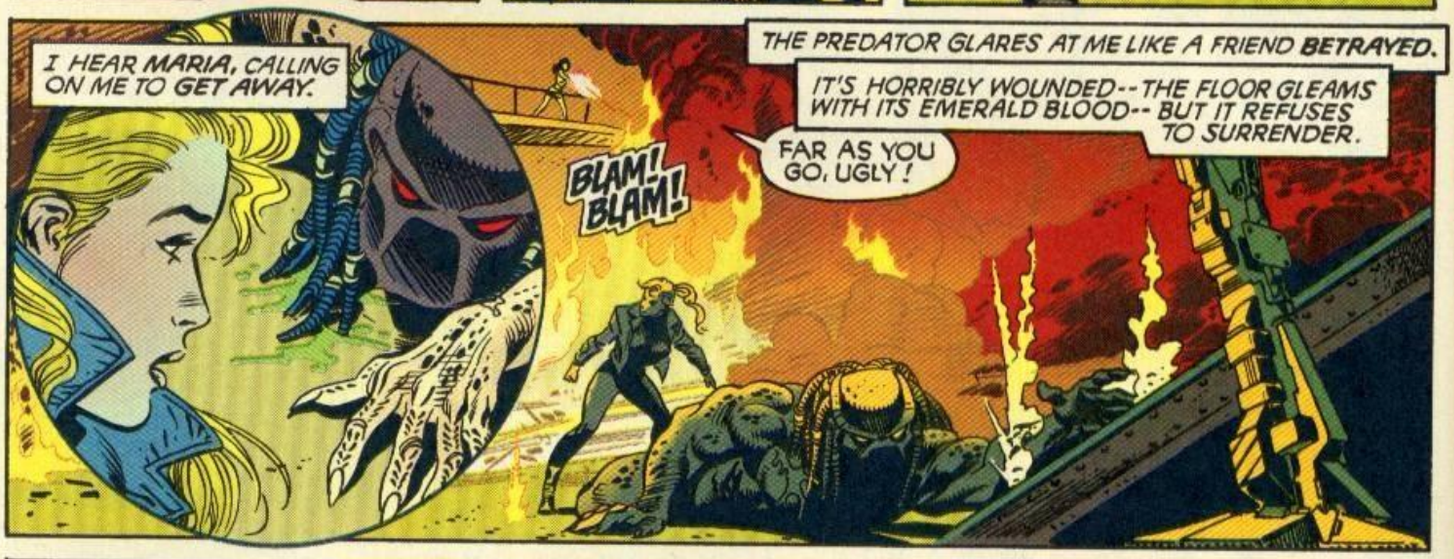
IS SHE ALIVE?

SHE'S A FIGHTER, LIKE YOU.
CENTRAL-- DELTA BAY, SKYCROSS 12-CHARLEY, I'VE GOT A MAJOR BURN CASE! I NEED A MEDEVAC TRAUMA TEAM! NOW!

DAMMIT, MARIA, GET AWAY FROM THERE!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING-- YOU WANT TO FRY, TOO?!

OUR "EXOTIC" DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT, TOMMY!

I FIGURE I'LL GIVE IT A LITTLE MORE PERSUADING!
BLAM!


I HEAR MARIA, CALLING ON ME TO GET AWAY.
THE PREDATOR GLARES AT ME LIKE A FRIEND BETRAYED.
IT'S HORRIBLY WOUNDED--THE FLOOR GLEAMS WITH ITS EMERALD BLOOD--BUT IT REFUSES TO SURRENDER.
FAR AS YOU GO, UGLY!
BLAM! BLAM!

CRITTER AIN'T TAKIN' THE HINT, TOMMY. I GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO DRILL IT.
WHATEVER, DO IT FAST!
METAL'S GETTING TOO HOT FOR US TO STAY.

NO!
LEAVE IT ALONE! LET IT GO!
WE GOT A PROBLEM.
THE WOMAN'S DEMENTED!

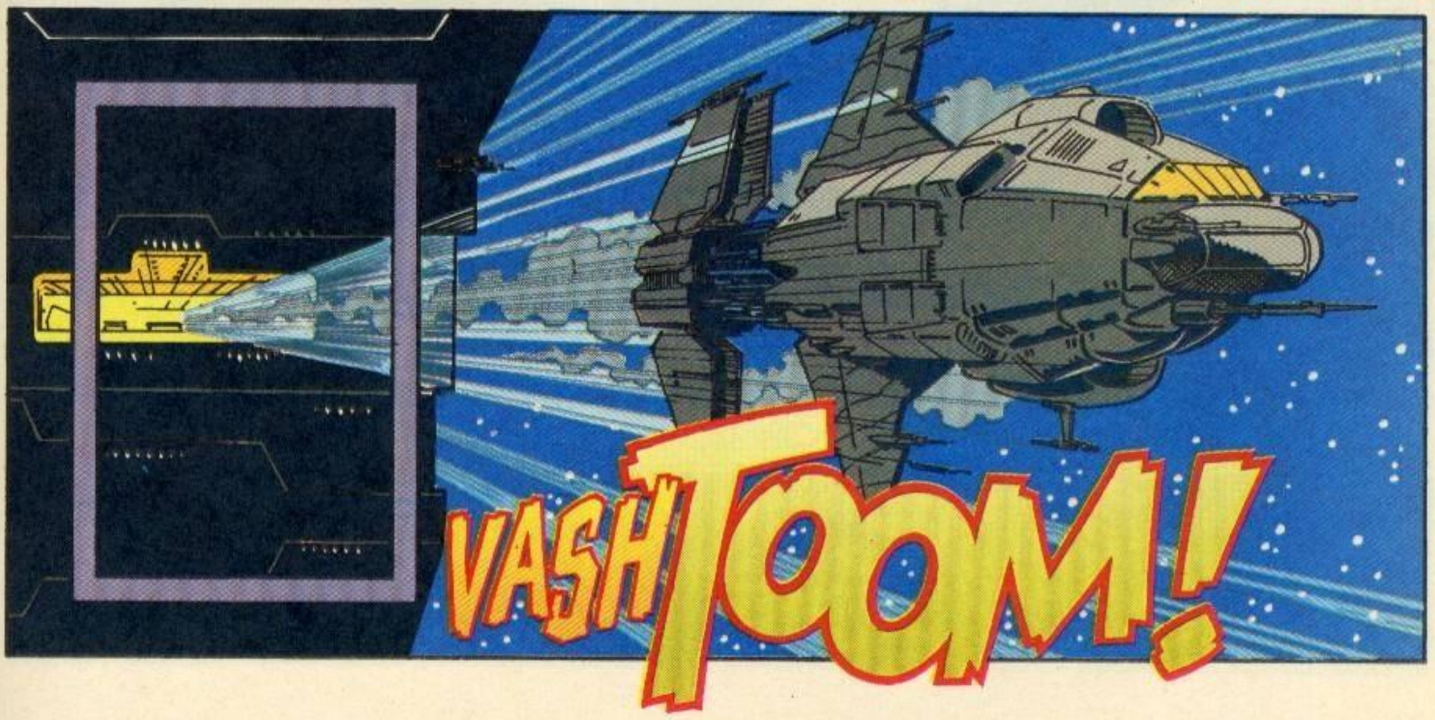
ONLY WAY TO FINISH THE CRITTER IS TO DROP HER FIRST.

DAMN!
THAT'S IT, DeMEDICI! WE'RE THROUGH HERE!
FORGET THE EXOTIC!

WE DON'T SCRAMBLE-- RIGHT NOW-- WE'LL BE FRIED AS BADLY AS THE CHIEF HERE!
ANOTHER SECOND, TOMMY, THAT'S ALL I NEEDED.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT, MARIA, AND THAT'S THE PLAIN FACT OF THE MATTER.
SO LET IT GO, AND WAIT FOR ANOTHER CHANCE.
WHERE'S THE TRAUMA TEAM?! I'VE GOT A CASUALTY HERE!
MAJOR SHIROW! COLONEL DeMEDICI!

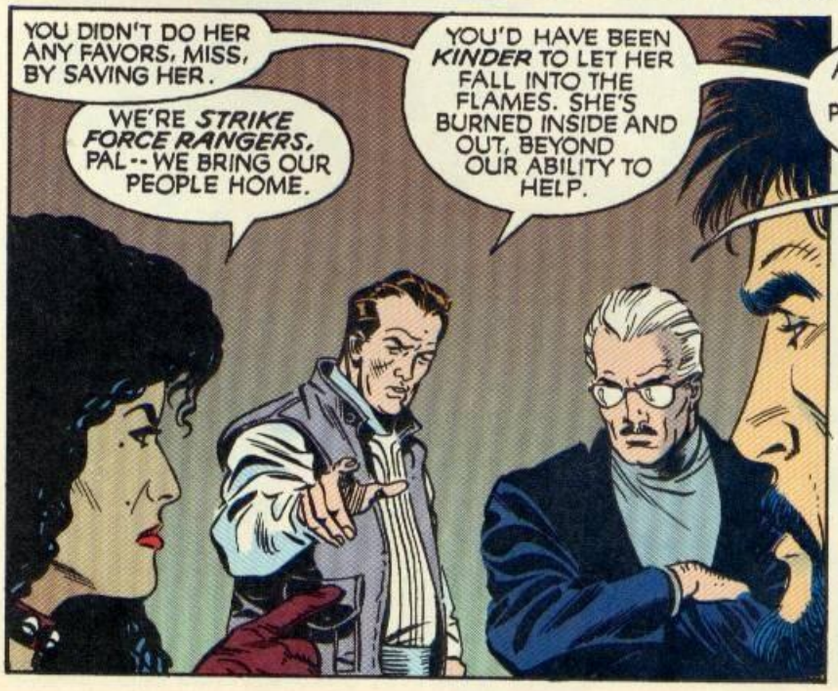
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CARYN?!
WHERE'S MY WIFE?!


VASH TOOM!

I NEED ANOTHER *FIRE SUPPRESSION SQUAD* OVER HERE!
CLEAR AWAY THAT WRECKAGE!
THAT WALL NEEDS REINFORCEMENT BEFORE IT *BUCKLES!*
NO SIGNIFICANT INJURIES...
...JUST SOME BRUISES AND MINOR BURNS.
YOU WERE VERY LUCKY.
HOW ABOUT CHIEF SALAZAR?
TRAUMA TEAM'S STILL WORKING, SO SHE'S ALIVE. WHETHER THAT'S A BLESSING OR A CURSE...?
IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* US, DOCTOR...
NOW, I ASKED YOU TWO A QUESTION.

THE CREATURE WE FOUND WITH YOUR WIFE IN HONDURAS ESCAPED FROM THE MED-LAB.
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, CARYN DECIDED TO HELP.
THAT WAS THEM IN THE *SHUTTLE* THAT JUST BLEW OUT OF HERE.

YOU WANT 'EM BACK, PUT A *TAG* ON THE VEHICLE AND SOME *INTERCEPTORS* ON ITS TAIL.
YOU HEARD HER.
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
I'M AFRAID THE NEWS ISN'T GOOD, SIR, ABOUT CHIEF SALAZAR.


YOU DIDN'T DO HER ANY FAVORS, MISS, BY SAVING HER.
WE'RE *STRIKE FORCE RANGERS,* PAL--WE BRING OUR PEOPLE HOME.
YOU'D HAVE BEEN *KINDER* TO LET HER FALL INTO THE FLAMES. SHE'S BURNED INSIDE AND OUT, BEYOND OUR ABILITY TO HELP.

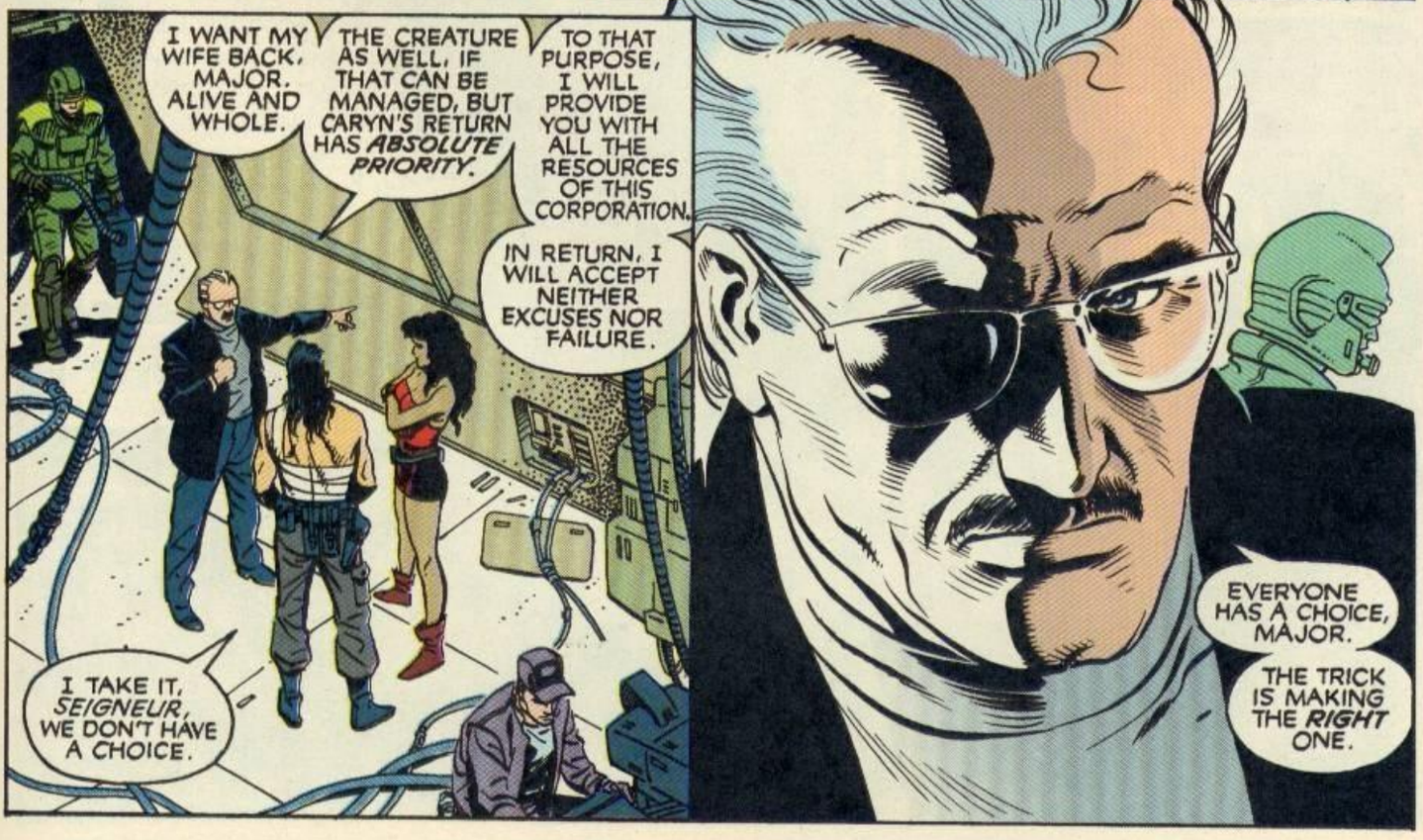
ALL YOU'VE DONE IS PROLONG HER AGONY.
DO YOUR BEST, DOCTOR--THAT'S ALL I REQUIRE OF ANYONE.

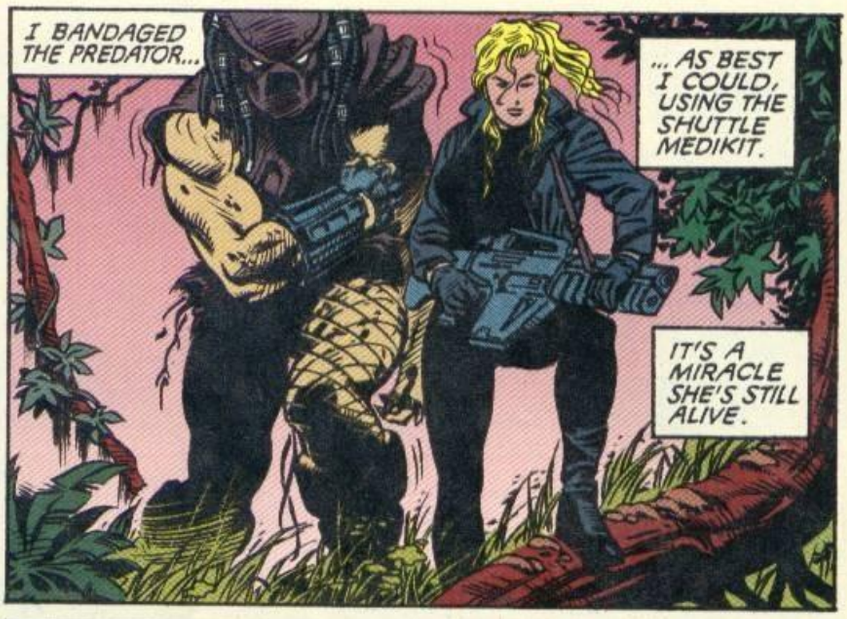
SEIGNEUR! RADAR TRACKING LOST THE TARGET IN GROUND CLUTTER. THE PURSUIT FLIGHT NEVER ACHIEVED A SOLID INTERCEPT.
THE EXOTIC DID THIS?
NOT HARDLY.

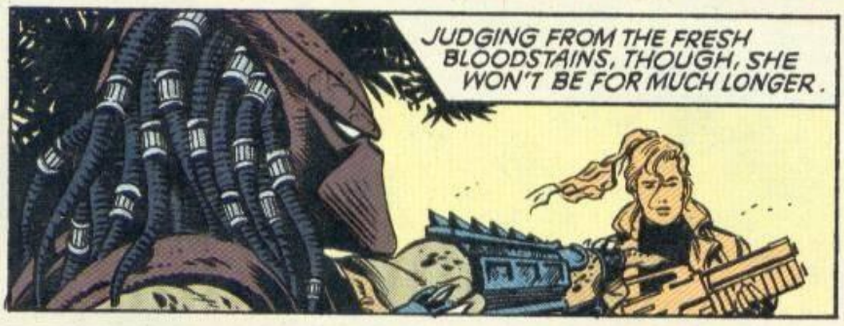
GISANDE AND I BOTH PUT ROUNDS INTO ITS CHEST.
IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, IT'S THE WRONG SIZE FOR A SHUTTLE COCKPIT.

IT COULD MAYBE HANDLE THE CONTROLS WELL ENOUGH TO FLY, BUT NOT TO EXECUTE THE KIND OF MANEUVERS NECESSARY TO LOSE YOUR INTERCEPTORS.
ONLY ONE OTHER CANDIDATE, SEIGNEUR.

DON'T BE ABSURD!
YOUR ANALYSIS IS FAULTY, COLONEL. CARYN CAN'T FLY. THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION.
IF YOU SAY SO.


I WANT MY WIFE BACK, MAJOR. ALIVE AND WHOLE.
THE CREATURE AS WELL, IF THAT CAN BE MANAGED, BUT CARYN'S RETURN HAS ABSOLUTE PRIORITY.
TO THAT PURPOSE, I WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH ALL THE RESOURCES OF THIS CORPORATION.
IN RETURN, I WILL ACCEPT NEITHER EXCUSES NOR FAILURE.
I TAKE IT, SEIGNEUR, WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.
EVERYONE HAS A CHOICE, MAJOR.
THE TRICK IS MAKING THE RIGHT ONE.





SHE CAN BARELY STAND. SHE NEEDS ME NOW MORE THAN EVER.

BUT ONCE WE'RE ABOARD HER SHIP-- AND HOW DO I KNOW, SO INSTANTLY AND INSTINCTIVELY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS--

--WHAT THEN?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.